

# CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS HEART



**SM DLEPHU** *poetry*

# ***Confessions of a Dangerous Heart***

If – Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And— which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

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1. Not honest but toxic

I hate to admit  
And I'll be mad if I have to account

I don't know my story  
Or what exactly I want  
I don't even where to start

I say I love forever  
Yes, I do love you  
But deep down I know  
I can't love you forever  
This world is full of temptations  
I wish to but I can't resist them all

I say I love you  
Yes, I do love you  
But deep down I know  
Truly loving you is something I used to do  
Can I explain? Without hurting your feelings?

I say I love you, the way you are  
Fuck that, I know I don't  
I wanna see you sexy  
Little lighter with a glowing skin  
Nice weave, attractive smile and colourful nails  
With an adorable ass and appealing boobs

I swear to you  
My heart never changed

It's just my mind  
I've been overthinking  
Like an analyst, I am comparing  
Believe me you're good  
It's just me who's not  
Maybe I'm bad as this poem  
I am not good as I speak  
I am not good as I look  
Not honest but toxic

Too many gorgeous bitches  
Giving me hints, I'm craving 'em all  
Deep down I know it's a trap  
and it will end in tears  
They gonna hurt me and you won't  
They don't really love me and you do  
They gonna leave me, forever you'll stay

Put the blame on me  
I will put it on my past  
All my insecurities and my scepticism  
Bad friends with bad influence are all I ever had  
Maybe I inherited this toxicity from my absent father  
Or I just embrace the culture  
I said I hate to admit  
And I'll be even mad if I have to account  
So please, don't dare ask me about all this  
I won't tell the truth  
And I will justify this poem with more lies  
Because I am  
Not honest but toxic

## 2. Confessions of a dangerous heart

Where and how to start?

Okay, let me just write

Confessions of a dangerous heart

Where my devil sits on a throne

Trying to live on the dark days that are gone

Hauling me away from masses, thoughts lock me up alone

Tour Orah, you're the worst

How long it will take you to be the best?

How can you write about dawg you never met?

You're always hooked on Eminem, headset plugged into stereo

With desperate eyes, you stare at the broken mirror

Hallucinating, seeing zero as a hero

You're not a Zulu, you'll never shake spear

A typical Mzansi kid, faking to be Shakespeare

Repent! So, you'll be freed from your unknown fear

Pray for enlightenment, you'll see

That you aren't the guy you pretend to be

And you'll never even be the one you wish to be

You'll never have a single fan

Maybe with corruption you can

But you can't, even from your own clan

Your life by all means is a mess



Any move comes with a loss, as in chess  
Don't ask for favours, embrace your curse  
At the same time, without messing my rhyme  
Ain't no watch on my waist, I'm not wasting time

This isn't pity begging and for reaction 'oh shame'  
I know and I'm proud of who I am

I'm Tour Orah da poet  
My first poem was a sonnet

All these above adverse thoughts aren't true  
Poets aren't the same, I'm convinced I'm one of the few

Of those mixing truth and their insecurities – jotting at night  
Confessions of a dangerous heart.



### 3. Nightmare came true

Jaws just jammed  
Ain't no smile in the jungle  
House felt like grass  
I had to call SPCA  
When friends turned into snakes  
Ghetto is full of backstabbers  
That's why I won't turn around

Even in Jozi streets  
They said Thora kill or get killed  
I swore to God saying  
I'd rather die on the prison bed

I was haunted in the dark church  
Ghost, holy ghost was looking for the light?

Back in the village  
Ain't no day to rest  
Ain't no time to seep  
Ain't no dream to come true

I had to write down my mind  
The price coasted me losing  
Love, loyalty, respect, relationships and friendships  
I had to be misunderstood and misperceived

Having my first poetry PDF coming wasn't a dream coming true  
Nightmare came true

#### 4. Just doing me

Six colours were not on my Sunday plate  
Ain't six coloured flag I'm gonna fly  
I'm going to do me, I know it's not late  
I'm like a Christian to Heaven, where no one die

Fam think I'm too harsh on my myself  
But destination is unignorable interesting  
I might drop a novel on the shelf  
Series of realities unfolding, myself is what I'm doing

I mastered ignoring my self-doubt and pain  
Left my siblings concerned and parents lost  
It's insane! I'm sorry for touching on this again  
I'm used to being cold-hearted like a front

Existing this staged society of the world  
To just do me  
Changing myself before changing the world  
For the sake of Thora generation to be free

Twenty-three years later, few know me  
When progress has been double – setbacks tripled  
My soul has to physically burry the corpse of me  
Ain't mad at y'all, I'm very chilled

Just doing me

## 5. Facts

(first poem)

I'm tryna imagine my future  
I'll be relevant to the culture?  
I will die a poet or a rapper?  
Maybe I'll follow homie eMtee and be a trapper

But being a poet, a best one is what I crave  
I'm a proudly grandson of a slave  
With ambitions to be a king  
Let my people be free, happily they shall dance and sing

Colonisers took away my animal clothes – now I rock grin  
I know their hearts are darker than my beautiful skin  
My soul isn't for exchange – even for stranger's blood  
I'll die fighting, my blood on this arid land be a fertilising flood

I hate our self-hate which we were taught  
And inferiority which we embrace without giving a thought  
Our hearts hating our huts, why we're too obsessed with towers?  
Money talks and time is money, such life isn't h/ours

Facts.

Featuring Siyamthanda Emihle Ngejane.

## 6. Dear Person

My boat is this paper  
And paddle is this pen  
Let me cruise in the sea  
Of the deepest thoughts  
Sea levels rising higher at the dark times  
Wondering if the destination will be the bright  
future?  
Or will it be the pit-stop?

Dear Person

Now history can tell  
Heavens can confirm  
The village and its people, salute  
The teachers, learners and all those doing both  
The parents, siblings and role models  
The relatives, neighbours and the strangers  
The streets, gangsters and the victims dripping blood  
The friends, personified snakes and the spies  
All the best poets alive and their ghost poets

That I am a believer, a proudly believer  
Looking really handsome on my melanin suit  
As long as what I believe is  
Being blessed is being black  
And no other way around

How can you be eager to give up?  
Life is worthy appreciation  
Chances using, lessons taking and acculturation  
Curve turning-and-learning and bumpers of growth

Avoidance of cold feet like corpse

Dear Person

Reading this poem

There's someone I'm seeing on the mirror

A glimpse of grin emerges

An optimistic thought darts

This moment feels too real to be true

As the fear of incompetence fades away

With its flashbacks of childhood – the snowy days

There was no pizza and soft drink on the table

There was porridge's crust and black tea instead

No electricity, no electric devices and the streets light

Dark days, still we dreamt big and we dreamt bright

Dear Person

I'm seeing on the mirror

Born cold-hearted

Taught, learnt and mastered

An emotional intelligence at youngest age

Dear Person

You're amazing

7. As things unfold

I don't know how to start  
Or should I just unfold my heart  
And let my joy and pain overspill  
The joy heal and the pain kill

I just woke up to this  
As my morning prayer, which starts with "please"  
Can I write this poem in this blue sky?  
While my fragile smile breaks into cry

As things unfold

I'm hand-cuffed in chain  
Should I unfold my brain?  
And let my evil thoughts and good memories  
Be my unpublished poems and untold stories

In publishing "Here is me" I had no luck  
This year began, while I'm still stuck  
On 2020 new year's resolutions  
An orphaned problems blossoming without parental solutions

As things unfold  
At Thoranation\_SA

8. It's true It's true.

Me inside a room  
A dark locked room  
I'm washing my fears with tears  
Of Victoria's preserved for numerous years  
It's true

My ancestors provided a GPS for me  
These psychologists couldn't save me  
I've been on this lonely road  
Heading where my puzzling saga will be told  
It's true

With every sip I took  
Definitely I can write a book  
A saved me eventually turned into self-brewery  
While cigarettes turned me into a chimney  
It's true

Sometimes I daydream great growing good times  
Or hit a bong, and jot with a juicy joint more rhymes  
About my graduation and publishing days  
I outlived all my toxic past days  
It's true

When everyone was going live and  
partying  
I was offline and madly studying  
They were having hubs with weed and gin drinks  
I was high on Bio-plus and sipping on energy drinks  
Now I'm more obsessed with success  
I put my fullest effort to progress



Changing myself before the world  
I've always known I can change the world  
It's true

I don't get anxious no more  
I don't even get devastated no more  
I mastered patience. I embrace resilience  
My progress became addictive through perseverance  
It's true

It's true

## 9. That night

The door and windows were closed  
The rain of blood was too heavy  
Tearing thunderstorms across a heart  
Neighbour's wife praying silently  
Her husband dying silently  
Their daughter sleeping  
Their son dreaming

A dog barking outside and the night darkening  
Abandoned on the island of thoughts  
Where pessimists never saw the heaven  
Born sinners never believed in being born again

The darker the night, the brighter the stars  
Eighteen September nineteen ninety-eight  
Friday, one hour before Saturday  
That night  
A people's poet was born  
A thoranatic one  
A poetic cry echoed

Believe me when I say  
The world hasn't been the same from then  
As an African proverb says it well  
"No man enters the same water again  
For he is not the same man  
And it's not the same water"

## 10. His letter to me

I look into your photo  
My eyes are glued to the arts  
My heart is in love with your soul  
Your mother said no one is perfect  
I hate the fact I'm the first example  
Imperfection flows in my DNA  
I'm sorry - you inherited that too

Tour Orah da poet, that's how now you call yourself  
Thoranation\_SA is your poetic world, in your imagination  
How do you have masses? So many strangers loving you  
When you haven't met me? I'm your father  
How can you be in and in love with Trinity?  
When we haven't bonded with your mother  
But boy I love your poems too  
I just wish they weren't true

Tour Orah da poet  
Thora, you're not a poet  
Just a born parent, writing his diary  
You grew up in the dark, without the shooting stars  
You never had role models, yeah those are not lies  
Early exposure to alcoholism led you to drug abuse  
I clearly understand why  
Drugs and alcohol are your coping mechanisms  
You can't stand your reality sober  
Perfectionists will never understand!  
I love you to the fullest  
As a teacher, I hope you understand absenteeism

## 11. Coronavirus novel

Traffic lights jammed

All the lives on paused

Paused for like 21 days with immediate effect

Paused, paused and pausing extended

And extension extended and intensified

While sadly masses succumbed

Who ever thought about this?

Onlinity taking over

Online shopping

Online meetings

Online teaching and learning

Online events – marriages, graduations and interviews

Online publishing

This is online life living

When this onlinity took over

It felt like the end of the world

For those who cannot access it

It felt like the new normal

Some sort of modernism progression, technology usefulness

Only for those who can access

The government banned the cigarettes and alcohol

The country went to awkward sober mindedness

They banned all the flight

Extended the curfews

They nature reserves and zoos all closed

The nature rejuvenating on its own

While stranded workers mourned  
For their loved ones buried in mass graves

Let's wear our masks  
In a commemoration of Gorge Floyd  
Some want to take vaccine  
Others crave for corona beer

This reality is unbearable  
This pain is unwritable

Coronavirus novel  
This is a first time in history  
I as a poet  
Have stuck and ran out of words

It's enough!

12. Feeling hungry  
(To my role models)

Supposedly to be a star  
Now, eventually I'm fading away  
Let alone how bright, but what matters  
Is I never shone  
Coal world is inevitable  
Cole said to never try is an automated fail  
Maybe I must listen to Jermaine more often  
To escape being No Name  
And be a famous poet

I'm feeling hungry  
Like I'm gonna die of hunger  
Feeling hungry for my dreams to come true  
Only living them, truly can kill my hunger  
That's why I don't rest, eat and sleep  
Listening to Dreamville at my dream village  
And I pull up at The Supermarket  
To write about Bobby Hall with logic by my logic  
While I suffer from depression, wearing my fake smiles  
Missing homie Phora like I ever met him  
I be staying up all night  
Haunting for the mockingbird  
Which is slim and shady  
I mean even at midnight  
Shari Lapena doesn't scare me  
She's someone we know  
An unwanted guest  
The couple next door can attest

### 13. A poet

On this island  
I'm sitting cross-legged  
Watching these episodes of reality  
People fighting and dying for unity

Elders, youth and infants drowning in alcohol  
Sisters, scammers and killers - I see them all  
Devil awarding and promoting my brothers, rapists and druggies  
This lawless law overflows bad judges

It's social media, smartphones, Tinder and  
television  
Fake friends, fake lives – this is reality invasion  
No greetings on streets, then tagging each other  
as friends It's American culture dominance or  
obsession with global trends?

I ain't mad at this life  
My criticism ain't of hate but love  
I can't be judgemental, a perfectionist is what I am not  
All these people, I am their product

It's just I am  
A poet



#### 14. Going home

(Thinking out loud about  
publishing)

Should I swing myself?  
On the tree, with the sweetest mangos  
Let my sour tears fertilise the soil

Will be my smart soul be lost?  
I feel like it will find the nearest hell  
Where Devil will open the door before the knock

Will I have to account?  
For the fake repentance and my identity humiliation  
For being homophobic and anti-corrupt yet died broke

Will everyone be merry?  
For the return of a prodigal soul  
Tailed angels with get me drunk, with tots of dark blood

Will that house turn into a home?  
Unlike here, I'll find an eternal peace  
Fuck scriptures, I will quote my burning poems

Will my neighbours envy me?  
At heaven, they'll be looking through small windows  
Ordering my books, reading my experience

## 15. Untitled

This depression is unbearable  
Isn't death a once-off occurring?  
If I can't live in peace  
I rather rest in peace  
And be buried with my antidepressants  
I have been accompanied by loneliness  
And fully filled with emptiness

I've been deceived by my self-hate  
Which is worst that racism and xenophobia  
Than classism and homophobia  
All of them combined  
I am talking really hypocrisy  
Made fire but my superpowers are the heavy rain  
I've been feeling like a blind  
On the darkest night  
Heading backward but facing forward

I felt like a mouse  
The relationships were a cheese  
I wanted to bite 'em cheese  
Without being chopped by sharpest trap

I pray to Almighty, asking for forgiveness  
For the vows and hearts that I broke  
All those I ever met, introduced myself to  
Lived with, and shared great moments  
I told them to trust me and assured them endless love  
We walked holding each other's hands on the streets

We laughed loudly and took selfies  
We stopped the rain and made the sunshine  
I wish them all love and happiness  
I apologize for my freedom of travel prioritisation  
I couldn't stick around forever  
Your pictures will be forever on my mind  
And your names are tattooed on my heart  
I wanted true love, without being committed  
Although I like cuddling, I needed my space to breath

Maybe I'm a florist, I love equally  
I see all flowers beautiful on their own

I decided to drink heavy to numb the pain  
Savannah never blue ticked me  
Sertraline never worked on me  
And weed never disappointed me  
It uplifts my soul  
It brings a sense of completion  
And free my clustered mind, with healthy thoughts  
It is natural antidepressants  
I love being fucken high  
And poetise the truth of my life  
I mean, I'm stoned and tanked-up right now  
I can't even think of a title for this poem

I'm sorry mama I was born like this  
I know I promised to be a good kid  
But I couldn't pretend no more  
I had to leave you  
And all the perfectionist in the society

The norms, conformists and all that orthodox shit  
Went to search for myself  
I was lost in adolescence  
All people's love is fake  
And only their rejection is true  
Even the alphabet gang couldn't accommodate me  
I'm too sophisticated and too complicated  
That's why Thoranation\_SA had to exist

Yeah, now we're here on this 2021  
I don't even what to write marn  
Hello Zozibini Nonca what's up bro?  
How's Tshwane treating you?  
Mxolisi Nomdletshe, Crisis da rapper  
Salute chief, I hope you okay there  
Shout out to Leo Moocy, homie you inspire me  
I fuck with 'Cigar in the jar' but 'Seconds' is legendary  
Crazy N, howzit Malume?  
I know you're still pushing  
Sometimes I remanence about the high school days  
At Mount Frere, Colana. We called it Seven  
When we crossed night  
Getting drunk and getting high  
We were my converting poems to music lyrics  
Basically, I was ghost writing  
We had a Geography test the following day  
It was insane  
All the best on your music journey  
At Thoranation\_SA, I love its joint and light guys  
These are confessions, from my heart  
I wish I wrote like twenty-five poems or more  
But I couldn't, I really tried though

## PERSONAL NOTE

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING THIS POETRY BOOK. YOU ARE HIGHLY APPRECIATED. I AM SIMLINDILE MTHOKOZISI DLEPHU, WELL-KNOWN BY MY PEN NAME TOUR ORAH. I WAS BORN ON THE 18<sup>TH</sup> SEPTEMBER 1998, AT TEMBISA, GAUTENG BUT I GREW UP AT MATATIELE, EASTERN CAPE, IN SITHIWENI VILLAGE. I AM CURRENTLY A STUDENT AT RHODES UNIVERSITY, WHICH IS SITUATED AT GRAHAMSTOWN AND I AM STUDYING TOWARDS THE BACHELOR OF EDUCATION. I LOVE WRITING A LOT AND I BEEN WRITING FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS. LAST YEAR I WORKED ON HERE IS ME: OTHER AND COLLECTED POEMS <https://archive.org/details/here-is-me-other-and-collected-poems.-sim-dlephu-3> I DO NOT THINK I WILL BE WORKING ON OTHER POETRY BOOK NEXT YEAR, AS I WANT TO WORK ON MY FIRST NOVEL. I WILL BE QUIET FOR A WHILE, BUT ALWAYS KNOW I LOVE YOU SO MUCH GUYS. ONCE MORE AGAIN, THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT, IT HAS BEEN A LONG JOURNEY.

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